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MARCIAN COLONNA,

AN ITALIAN TALE:

WITH

THREE DRAMATIC SCENES,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

PHILADELPHIA:

M. CAREY AND SONS, CHESNUT-STREET.

1821.

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MARCIAN COLONNA.

PART THE FIRST.

"Long years of outrage, calumny, and wrong;
Imputed madness, prison'd solitude,
And the mind's canker, in its savage mood."

LAMENT OF TASSO.

I.

For ever and for ever shalt thou be
Unto the lover and the poet dear,
Thou land of sunlit skies and fountains clear,
Of temples, and gray columns, and waving woods,
And mountains, from whose rifts the bursting floods
Rush in bright tumult to the Adrian sea:
O thou romantic land of Italy!
Mother of painting and sweet sounds!—tho' now
The laurels are all torn from off thy brow—
Yet, tho' the shape of Freedom now no more
May *walk in beauty* on thy piny shore,

Never, dividest Italy !—[illegible]
For aye the watchword of the heart to m

II.

Famous thou art, and shalt be through all
Not that because thine iron children hurl
Like arrows o'er the conquest-stricken w
Their tyrannies,—but that, in a later day,
Great spirits, and gentle too, triumphing
And, as the mighty day-star makes its wa
From darkness into light, they toward th
Went, gathering splendor till they grew

Yet first of all thy sons were they wh
Thy silken language into tales of love,
And fairest far the gentle forms that shin
In thy own poet's faery songs divine.
Oh! long as lips shall smile or pitying t
Rain from the eyes of beauty,—long as
Our doubts or hopes shall sear or soothe

So long the lamp of fame on Petrarch's urn
Shall, like the light of learning, duly burn;
And he be loved—he with his hundred tales,
As varying as the shadowy cloud that sails
Upon the bosom of the April sky,
And musical as when the waters run
Lapsing thro' sylvan haunts deliciously.
Nor may that gay romancer who hath told
Of knight, and damsel, and enchantments old,
So well, be e'er forgot; nor he who sung
Of Salem's holy city, lost and won,
The seer-like Tasso, who enamoured hung
On Leonora's beauty, and became
Her martyr,—blasted by a mingled flame.

The masters of the world have vanished, and
Thy gods have left or lost their old command;
The painter and the poet now have fled,
And slaves usurp the seat of Cæsar dead:
Prison and painted palace hast thou still,
But filled with creatures whom mere terrors kill;
Afraid of life and death they live and die
Eternally, and slay their own weak powers,
And hate the past, and dread the future time,
And while they steal from pleasure droop to crime,
Plucking the leaves from all the rosy hours.
Alas, alas, beautiful Italy!
—Yet he who late hath risen like a star
Amongst us (now by the Venice waves afar
He loiters with his song,) hath writ of thee,
And shared his laurell'd immortality
With *thy decaying* fortunes. Murmer not

Deserting their high natures for the creed
A bigot fashioned in his weaker dreams,
Left love and life, (yet love is life, indeed,
And all the wonders of the world,—its gleams
Of joy, of sunshine, fair as those which spring
From the great poet's high imagining,
Sounds, and gay sights: and woman's words which bless
And carry on their echoes happiness,—
Left all that man inherits, and fell down
To worship in the dust, a demon's crown:
For there a phantom of a fearful size,
Shaped out of shadow and cloud, and nursed in pain,
And born of doubt and sorrow, and of the brain
The ever evil spirit, mocks man's eyes;
And they who worship it are cold and wan,
Timid and proud, envying while they despise
The wealth and wishes of their fellow man.

IV.

Amongst the squalid crowd that lingered there,
Mocking with empty forms and hopeless prayer
Their bounteous God, was one of princely race—
The young COLONNA,—in his form and face
Honoring the mighty stem from which he sprung.
Born amidst Roman ruins, he had hung
O'er every tale of sad antiquity,
And on its fallen honors, once so high,
Had mused like one who hoped. His soul had gone
Into the depth of ages, and had brought
From thence strange things and tidings, such as none
Or few e'er dream of now; and then he thought

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id all around the walls were garlands hung
usual, and gay censers brightly burned
the Colonna palace. He was missed
none, and when his mother fondly kissed
r eldest born, and bade him on that day
vote him to the dove-eyed Julia,
e proud Vitelli's child, Rome's paragon,
: thought no longer of her cloistered son.

)n that same night of mirth Vitelli came
h his fair child, sole heiress of his name,—
came amidst the lovely and the proud,
rless; and when she moved, the gallant crov
ided, as the obsequious vapours light
ide to let the queen-moon pass by night:
n looks of love were seen, and many a sigh
s wasted on the air, and some aloud
ced of the pangs they felt and swore to die:
like the solitary rose that springs
ie first warmth of summer days, and flings

Loudly the many instruments to sound,
And well did that young couple tread the ground:
Each step was lost in each accordant note,
Which thro' the palace seemed that night to float
As merrily, as tho' the Satyr-god
With his inspiring reed, (the mighty Pan,)
Had left his old Arcadian woods, and trod
Piping upon the shores Italian.

Again she asked in vain: yet, as he turned
(The brother) from her, a fierce color burned
Upon his cheek, and fading left it pale
As death, and half proclaimed the guilty tale.
—She dwelt upon that night till pity grew
Into a wilder passion: the sweet dew
That linger'd in her eye 'for pity's sake,'
Was—(like an exhalation in the sun)
Dried and absorbed by love. Oh! love can take
What shape he pleases, and when once begun
His fiery inroad in the soul, how vain
The after-knowledge which his presence gives!
We weep or rave, but still he lives and lives,
Master and lord, 'midst pride and tears and pain.

VII.

Now may we seek Colonna. When he found
Himself a prisoner in his cell, and bound,
And saw the eye-less skull and glass of sand
And ghastly crucifix before him, he
'Rose with a sudden shriek and burst the band
That tied him to his pallet, and stood free:

darker passion fled—shrunk 'fore its light,
t the glance of morning shrinks the night.
suddenly,—but slow, from day to day,
shadow from his spirit passed away,
sometimes would return, at intervals,
light upon the opening blossom falls.
nd then he pondered in his prison place,
nany an awful theme ne'er conn'd before,
arkness and decay, and of that shore
n whose shadowy strand pale spirits walk,
said, for many ages, and would talk
t eloquent with every monk who there
ted of penitence, and felt despair,
hose dull eye Hope shone not, and whose bres
one unvaried tale of Death and Death.

VIII.

it in his gentler moments he would gaze,
something of the love of earlier days

To lie and look upon the world below;
And almost did he wish at times to know
How in that busy world man could be moved
To live for ever—what delights were there
To equal the fresh sward and odorous air,
The vallies and green slopes, and the sweet call
Of bird to bird, what time the shadows fall
Toward the west:—yet something there must be
He felt, and that he now desired to see.

As once he pondered there, on the far world,
And on *himself*, like a lone creature hurled
From all its pleasures—its temptations, all,
Over his heart there fell, like a dark pall,
The memory of the past: he thought and thought,
Till in his brain a busier spirit wrought,
And Nature then unlocked with her sweet smile
The icy barrier of his heart, and he
Returned unto his first humanity.
He felt a void, and much he grieved the while,
Within his heart, as tho' he wished to share
Joy he know not with another mind;
Wild were his thoughts, but every wish refined,
And pure as waters of the mountain spring:
Was it the birth of Love?—did *he* unbind
(Like the far scent of wild flowers blossoming)
Its perfumed pinions in that rocky lair,
To save a heart so young from perishing there?—

erhaps, like a faint dream o[illegible]
Which, once beheld, may never be forgot,
he floated in his fancy; and when pain
nd fevers hot came thronging round his bi
Ier shape and voice fell like a balm upon
His sad and dark imagination.
A gentle minister she was, when he
Saw forms, 'twas said, which often silently
Passed by his midnight couch, and felt at ti
Strange horror for imaginary crimes,
(Committed, or to be,) and in his walk
Of Fate and Death, and phantom things wc
Shrieks scared him from his sleep, and figu
On his alarmed sight, and thro' the glades,
When evening filled the woods with tremt
Followed his footsteps; and a star-like flan
Floated before his eyes palely by day,
And glared by night and would not pass a
—At last his brother died. Giovanni fell
A victim in a cause he loved too well;
[illegible] without his hei

X.

1 Marcian sought his home. A ghastly gloom
›'er the pillars and the wrecks of Rome,
arcely, as the clouds were swiftly driven
ses shrouding the blue face of heaven,
:en, by tremulous glimpses, the pale moon,
›oked abroad in fear and vanished soon.
nds were loud amongst the ruins where
ld weed shook abroad their ragged hair,
unds were heard, like sobs from some lone man,
urmuring 'tween his banks the Tyber ran,
Colonna palace there were tears
g from aged eyes that seldom wept;
ion was gone—the hope of many years
i his marble home for ever slept.
father met his child: with tremulous grasp
ssed his hand, and he returned the clasp,
›oke assuring words—'that he was come
›the his grief and cheer his desolate home,'
en he bade him quite forget the past.
and in hand they sat awhile; at last
i deep sob came bursting from the gloom
id the far part of the palace room,
fter all, was silent as the grave.
a 'rose, and by the lamp that gave
le light, saw, like a shape of stone,
ther couching in the dusk, alone:
nd was clenched, and her eye wandered wild
ie who lost and sought, (in vain,) a child;
w and then a smile, but not a tear,
at she fancied still her darling near.

With grief. and every passion else was s
Was buried,—lost. Just as the mighty r
Which, gathering, flood the valleys in th
Of Autumn, or as rivers when snow deca
Sweep all things in their course, 'till nou
Distinguishable,—earth, and roots, and g
And stones, and casual things, a mingled
Driven onwards by the waters, and o'erl
'Till but the stream is seen: So they wh
Deeply, and they, 'tis said, who love th
In one wild mastering passion lose the

XI.

At last, the woes that wrapped the m
Broke and dissolved, and a serener day
Shone on her life; but never more the s
Of noisy mirth or festal music gay
Was heard within Colonna's walls,—and
A calm and pleasant circle often met,

ose vision did his convent hours beguile;
hantom shape, and which in sleep still came
l fanned the colour of his cheek to flame.
ietimes has he been known to gaze afar
:ching the coming of the evening star,
l as it progress'd toward the middle sky,
e the still twilight's lonely deity,
uld fancy that a spirit resided there,
entle spirit and young, with golden hair,
l eyes as blue as the blue dome above,
l a voice as tender as the sound of love.

XII.

ome months thus passed among the wrecks of Rome,
l seldom thought he of the fearful doom
which he used to ponder: still he felt
it he alone amidst the many dwelt,
ely; but why he cared not, or forgot
: jibings cast upon his early lot.
ne morning as he lay half listlessly
hin the shadow of a column, where
forehead met such gusts of cooling air
the bright summer knows in Italy,
orgeous cavalcade went thundering by,
ty and worn with travel: As it passed
ne said the great Count had returned, at last,
m his long absence upon foreign lands:
ra told that many countries he had seen,
: and his lady daughter,) and had been
ng time journeying on the Syrian sands,

XIII.

Vitelli and his child returned at last;
After some years of wandering. Julia
Had been betrothed and widow'd: she
From bondage into liberty, and they
Who knew the bitter husband she had
Rejoiced to learn that he indeed was d
She had been sacrificed in youth, to on
She never loved; but he she loved was
And so it matter'd not: 'tis true some
Stained her pale cheek at times in aft
And much unkindness from the man on
She had bestowed her beauty, drew a g
Around her face, and curtained up in sh
The eyes that once like sunny spirits pl
But he was dead:—Sailing along the sea
His pleasure barque was gliding pleasan
When sudden winds arose, and mighty

XIV.

d Julia saw the youth she loved again:
ıe was now the great Colonna's heir,
he whom he had left so young and fair,
r short years ago, was grown, with pain
ughts unutter'd (a heart-eating care,)
s a statue. When he met her first
ızed and gasped as tho' his heart would burst;
gure came before him like a dream
lled at morning, and a sunny gleam
: in upon his soul and lit his eye
something of a tender prophecy.
ras she then the shape he oft had seen,
y and night,—she who had such strange power
he terrors of his wildest hour?
was it not a phantom that had been
ering about him? Oh with what deep fear
tened now, to mark if he could hear
oice that lulled him,—but she never spoke;
her heart her own young love awoke
ſs long slumber, and chained down her tongue,
he sat mute before him: he, the while,
feasting on her melancholy smile,
er his eyes a dizzy vapour hung
e rushed forth into the freshning air,
ı kissed and played about his temples bare,
e grew calm. Not unobserved he fled,
ıe who mourned him once as lost and dead,
rith a glance, as none but women see,
:cret passion, and home silently
ınt rejoicing, 'till Vitelli asked

XV.

That fateful day passed by; and t
Another and another, and the flame
Of love burned brightly in Colonna'
But while it filled it robbed his soul
At home, abroad, at morning, and a
In the hot sultry hours, and when th
Shone in the cool fresh sky, and sha
And shadowy figures once so dear t
Wheree'er he wandered, she would
His mind, a phantom like companio
Yet, with that idle dread with whic
Stifles its pleasures, he would ever
And loiter long amongst the streets
When she, he feared, might visit a
A strange and sad perverseness; he
To part with that pale hope which
Glimmering upon his fortunes. Ma
Burthen'd with evil o'er his head ha

ander ever hath hung upon the head
:nt sorrow, and corroding shame
on its heart and its defenceless name
tted by the bad, until it flies
the base world a willing sacrifice.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

MARCIAN COLONNA.

PART THE SECOND.

MARCIAN COL

PART THE SEC

"Love surely hath been bre

"We will leave them to thei
To the moon and the stars,
To the murmuring wave an
That dreams of gentlest joy
To bathe their slumbering e

I.

'To deck the days to come—thy revellings
Were glorious and beyond all others: Thou
Didst banquet upon beauty once; and now
The ambrosial feast is ended!—Let it be.
Enough to say '*It was.*'—Oh! upon me
From thy o'ershadowing wings etherial
Shake odorous airs, so may my senses all
Be-spell-bound to thy service, beautiful power,
And on the breath of every coming hour
Send me faint tidings of the things that were,
And aid me as I try gently to tell
The story of that young Italian pair,
Who loved so lucklessly, yet ah! so well.

II.

How long Colonna in his gloomier mood
Remained, it matters not: I will not brood
On evil themes; but, leaving grief and crime,
At once I pass unto a blyther time.
—One night—one summer night he wandered far
Into the Roman suburbs; Many a star
Shone out above upon the silent hours,
Save when, awakening the sweet infant flowers,
The breezes travell'd from the west, and then
A small cloud came abroad and fled again.
The red rose was in blossom, and the fair
And bending lily to the wanton air
Bared her white breast, and the voluptuous lime
Cast out his perfumes, and the wilding thyme
Mingled his mountain sweets, transplanted low
'Midst all the flowers that in those regions blow.

With a more gentle love, and he did n
At times amongst the stars, as on a bo
Where he might read his destiny. H
Heaven's many constellations shone th
And from the distant river a gentle tu
Such as is uttered in the months of Ju
By brooks, whose scanty streams have
For rain, was heard;—a tender, lapsin
Sent up in homage to the quiet moon.

III.

He mused, till from a garden, near w
He leant, a melancholy voice was heard
Singing alone, like some poor widow b
That casts unto the woods her desert c
It was the voice—the very voice that r
Long in his brain that now so sweetly s
He passed the garden bounds and lightl
Checking his breath, along the grassy s
(By buds and blooms half hid

To catch an old disused melody—
A sad Italian air it was, which I
Remember in my boyhood to have heard,
And still—(tho' here and there perhaps a word
Be now forgot.) I recollect the song,
Which might to any lovelorn tale belong.

SONG.

Whither ah! whither is my lost love straying—
Upon what pleasant land beyond the sea?
Oh! ye winds now playing
Like airy spirits 'round my temples free,
Fly and tell him this from me:

Tell him, sweet winds, that in my woman's bosom
My young love still retains its perfect power,
Or, like the summer blossom,
That changes still from bud to the full-blown flower,
Grows with every passing hour.
Say (and say gently) that since we two parted,
How little joy—much sorrow I have known:
Only not broken-hearted
Because I muse upon bright moments gone,
And dream and think of him alone.

IV.

The lady ended and Colonna knelt
Before her with outstretched arms: He felt
That she, *whom in* the mountains far away
His heart had loved so much, at last was his.

was conjured out of grief and despei
And shall I then from day to day beh
Thee again, and still again? Oh spea
Julia—and gently for I have grown o
In sorrow ere my time: I kneel to th
—Thus with a passionate voice the lo
Upon her solitude, and while he spok
In such a tone as might a maiden mov
Her fear gave place to pride, and pric
Quick are fond women's sights, and c
They live in moments years, an age in
Thro' every movement of the heart th
In a brief period with a courser's spee
And mark, decide, reject; but if inde
They smile on us—oh! as the eternal
Forms and illuminates all to which thi
(Impregnate by his glance) hath given
Even so the smile of woman stamps ou
And consecrates the love it first create

Upon him. With a pulse rapid and wild,
And eyes lit up with love, and all his woes
Abandoned or forgot, he lightly rose,
and place himself beside her. "Julia!
My own, my own, for you are mine," he said;
Then on her shoulder drooped his feverish head,
And for a moment he seemed dying away:
But he recovered quick. "Oh! Marcian
I fear"—she softly sighed:—"Again, again;
Speak, my divinest love,—again, and shower
The music of your words which have such power,
Such absolute power upon my fainting soul—
Oh! I've been wandering toward that fearful goal,
Where Life and Death, Trouble and Silence meet
(The Grave) with weak, perhaps with erring feet,
A long, long time without thee—but no more;
For can I think upon that shadowy shore,
Whilst thou art here standing beside me, sweet!"
She spoke "Dear Marcian I"—"How soft she speaks,"
He uttered; "Nay—" (and as the daylight breaks
Over the hills at morning was her smile,)
"Nay you must listen silently, awhile."

"Dear Marcian, you and I for many years
Have suffered: I have bought relief with tears;
But, my poor friend, I fear a misery
Beyond the reach of tears has weighed on thee.
What 'tis I know not, but (now calmly mark
My words) 'twas said that—that thy mind was dark,
And the red fountains of thy blood, (as Heaven
Is stained with the dying lights of Even,)
Were *tainted*—that thy mind did wander far,

He is a worldly and a cruel man,
And made me once a victim; but again
It shall not be. I have had too much of
Too much for such short hours as life aff
And I would fain from out the golden h
Of joy, pluck some fair ornament, at last
To gild my life with—but *my* life hath p

Her head sank on her bosom: gently
Kissed off the big bright tears of misery.
Alas! that ever such glittering drops sh
(Bright as tho' born of Happiness,) from
—He soothed her for a time, and she gr
For lover's language is the surest balm
To hearts that sorrow much: that night t
With kisses and with tears, but both ligh
And many a vow was made, and promise
And well believed by both and never bro
They parted, but from that time often m
In that same garden when the sun had se
And for awhile C[illegible]

Black and o'erwhelming. Like Colonna's star,
Tho' hidden for awhile or banish'd far,
The time *will* come,—at prayer or festival,
Slumber or morning sport or mid-day task;
The soul can never fly itself, nor mask
The face of fate with smiles.———
How oft by some strange ill of body or mind
Man's fine and piercing sense is stricken blind;
No matter then how slight the shadows be,
The veil is thick to him who cannot see.
Solid and unsubstantial, false and true,
Are Fear and Fate; but to that wretched few,
Who call the dim phantasmas from their graves,
And bow before their own creations, slaves,
They are immortal—holy—fix'd—supreme.
—No more of this. Now pass I to my theme.

VII.

The hours passed gently,—even happily
Awhile; tho' sometimes o'er Colonna's brow
There shone a meaning strange, as tho' his doom
Flashed like a light across his memory,
And left behind a momentary gloom,
This would he smile away, and then forget,
And then again, sighing, remember: yet,
Over pale Julia's face that shadow cast
A shadow like itself, and when it passed
Its sad reflection vanished. Lover's eyes
Bright mirrors are where Love may look and see
Its gladness, *grief*, beauty, deformity,
Pictured in all their answering colours plain,

Thus lived Colonna, 'till to comm
He seemed redeemed and rescued f
And often would he catch the joyou
Of the mere idler, and the past wou
To him and others, like a terrible d
Dissolved: 'twas then a clearer spi
In his black eye, and over the deep
Of Julia's a soft happier radiance hu
Like the dark beauty from the starl
Upon the world, which tells Heave
Within, and that abroad no cloud i

VIII.

Once—only once—('twas in a l
He felt the presence of his evil p
Weighing upon him, and he left
In silence, amidst fresher scenes
—'Twas said that he did wande
[illegible] and on the I

upon the eyes of Heaven, when
ds illustrious with her midnight charms
l—all unobscured by moon or sun,
ted cloud, or airy rainbow won
ht and showers; and when storms were high
ied to the Wind-God riding by
untain places, and there took his stand,
ing his voice of triumph or command,
l him thro' the piny forests rave,
vent murmuring to his prison cave.

IX.

ien unto the rocks of Tivoli
: Alas! for gone Antiquity—
and mysterious temple where
il spread abroad her hoary hair,
ke her divine oracles. Her home
ling into dust, and sheeted foam
rkles where her whitened tresses hung;
re her voice, like Heaven's, was freely flung
echoes, now fierce torrents flow,
ith noise and spray the dell below.
ss are ye yet, ye rocks and woods
, altho' long since have vanished
ir lost land its gorgeous palaces,
the spirit of the place be banished
h for ever—yet your silver floods
(immortal music!) and the breeze
alth and freshness to your waving trees.

and wilds: At last, unto his wi
He came again, while yet the fe
His cheek and darkness on his b
She saw the hectic colour burni
Clouded by looks of sorrow, and
It was a night of sultry summer
And they were sitting in the ga
Guided by fate, and drawn like
They once had met, and meeting
And he first sank upon her bosor
Her white and delicate fingers no
Were held and not withdrawn, an
He thanked her, yet with idle qu
To cheat away the grief she coul
He felt that he had planted in her
The seeds of grief; and could he
And leave the lady of his love in
Weighed down (and for his sake
He could not: Oh he felt the plea
Of her who loved him so, nor co

XI.

"From my sad youth
was beloved,—never. Truth
ıldew'd from my lips, and in my eye
:d it was said, the red insanity.
ıot mad—nor am; but I became
ed by malice, and a clouded flame
om my heart and made my eyesight dim,
' brain turn, and palsied every limb,
e world stood in stupor for a time.
n my fiery cloud I heard of crime,
nts'—brother's hate, and of one lost
nt of kindness.—Then?—aye; then there came
ıhing of innumerable wings
and sweets, such as the summer flings,
my fainting senses, and I crept
ne night-dark place and long I slept.
ıntil a rude uneasy motion
me: what passed I know not then, and yet
ght the air blew freshly, and the ocean
. with its bright blue waters: I forget
all this happened; but at last my brain
l struggling with itself, awhile in vain.
was a load on it, like hopeless care
he mind—a dreary heavy load,
ow and then, it seemed as shapes did goad
l to recollection,—or despair."

... figures floated on my sight, but when
I moved they vanished. Then a grim array,
Like spectre's from the graves of buried men,
Came by in silence: each upon his face
Wore a wild look, as tho' some sad disgrace
Had stamped his life (or thus I thought) with i
They vanished too; but ever on the morrow
They came again, in greater sadness, 'till
I spoke; then one of them gave answer—shril
As blasts that whistle thro' the dungeon's grat
On bleak December nights, when in her state
Comes the white Winter. 'Look!'—(I thus tra
The sounds it uttered)—'Look,'—the phantom
Upon thine ancestry departed—dead.
Each one thou seest hath left his gaping tomb
Empty, and comes to warn thee of thy doom
And each, whilst living, bore within his brain
A settled madness: start not—so dost thou:
Thou art *our own*, and on thy moody brow
There is the invisible word ne'er writ in vain.
Look on me all ...

hall perish whom thou lovest the best.
. hast been a mockery unto men,
it least, it shall not be again.
where yon red rolling star doth shine
the darkness: that fierce star is thine,
ny, thy Spirit, and its power
d and rule thee to thy latest hour;
· shall it quit thy side, but be
o all and dim to thee,
n the fever of thy soul shall rise,
that light shall flash before thine eyes,
shalt then remember that thy fate
·'—Thus upon the silence broke
e's hollow words; but while it spoke,
never moved, nor did its eye
ligence. With sweeping state,
ound the train then glided by,
'd—vanish'd. Then methought I 'woke."

XIII.

o dream, for often since that hour
s flashed, and I *have* felt its power,
y moodier moments,) and my soul
guishing for blood, and there did roll
od beside me, and my hands,
d obeyed my Fate's commands,
ed and sanguine, and my throbbing brow
d blistered with the fire within,
rt withered with a secret sin,
ole heart was tempested: it grew
ought with passion—even now

Looking at Heaven—for Hope, with
In vain—for I was born a sacrifice.
What Hope was there for me, a m
What lovely? nothing—yes, I err, I

"Yes,—mixed with these wild visi
Descended, fragile as a summer clou
And with her gentle voice she stillec
I never saw her face, and yet I bowe
Down to the dust, as savage men, th
Adore the sun in countries far away.
I felt the music of her words like bal
Raining upon my soul, and I grew cal
As the great forest lion that lay down
At Una's feet, without a single moan,
Vanquish'd by love, or as the herds th
Their heads in silence when the Thra
—I never saw her,—never: but her v
Was the whole world to me. It said
For I am come to love thee, youth, at

"—Here let me pause, for now I must not say,
low she, my gentle spirit, fades away;
nd now, and now———Alas! and must I die,
he martyr of a crime I cannot shun?
Vhat have I—what have my dead fathers done,
hat thus from age to age a misery
s seared and stamped upon us? Shall it be
'or ever thus? It shall not. I will run
ly race as fearless as the summer sun,
Vhen clouds come not, and like his course above
hall mine be here, below, all light and love."

XIV.

He ended, and with kisses sweet and soft
he recompensed his words, and bade him dwell
o more upon the past, but look aloft
nd pray to Heaven; and yet she bade him tell
gain the story of that lady young,
'ho o'er him in such dream like beauty hung
You saw her, Marcian—No?"—"My love, my love,
ly own," he said, "'twas thou, my forest dove,
'ho soothed me in the wilderness, and crept
to my heart, and o'er my folly wept
rom dusky evening to the streaming morn,
howers of sparkling tears. Oh! how forlorn
Vas I without thee. Should I lose thee now—"
Away, away," she said, and on his brow
essed her vermillion lips, and drew his hair
ide and kissed again his forehead fair.
Come, thou shalt lie upon—aye, on my breast,
nd I *will sing* thee into golden rest."

A pleasant passime,—
Comes heavily on us, it is pleasant
To read of this in song: it brings
The hours of youth before man's
Spreading a charm about him, sile
—Oh! never shall thy name, swe
Be flung away, or trampled by th
As a thing of little worth, while *I*
May—(with a feeble voice indeed
The sanctity, the beauty of thy n
Thy grateful servant am I, for thy
Has solaced *me* thro' many a wret
In sickness—aye, when frame an
I turned me to thy chrystal cup
Intoxicating draughts. Faithfull
Most faithful—perhaps best—wh
Unto thy green recesses did I se
My thoughts, and freshest rills o
Came streaming all around from
And so I drank and drank, and h

ow must pass what I may ne'er forget.
Thou bright and hymeneal Star, whose wane
'or thou alone canst never rise again,)
as the dark declining of the soul,
ll gently over youth and beauty—roll
thy so sweet and silent course along,
soft sigh only thy companion-song:
all the light of love I leave thee now,
clouded and sublime. Upon the brow
each shed thy soft influence—calm, not gay:
r me,—a word I'll speak, and then—away.

XVI.

Sleep softly on your bridal pillows, sleep,
ccellent pair! happy and young and true;
d o'er your days, and o'er your slumbers deep
d airy dreams, may Love's divinest dew
scatter'd like the April rains of Heaven;
d may your tender words, whispered at even,
woven into music; and, as the wind
aves when it flies a sweetness still behind,
hen distant, may each silver sounding tone
eigh on the other's heart, and bring (tho' gone)
e absent back; and may no envy sever
ur joys, but may each love—be loved for ever.

* * * * * * *

w, as I write, lo! thro' my window streams
e midnight moon—crescented Dian, who
s said once wandered from her wastes of blue,
d *all for love; filling* a shepherd's dreams

His lashes dark, and left
But never more upon the Latmos
May she descend to kiss that fore
And give—receive gentle and in
When clouds are distant far, and
Her bound is circumscribed, and
—Those were immortal stories:
The pale queen is dethroned.
Hath vanished; and the worshi
Is bowed to golden gods of vul

END OF THE SI

MARCIAN COLONNA.

PART THE THIRD.

MARCIAN COLONNA.

PART THE THIRD.

"The tale I follow to its last recess
Of suffering and of peace."—
VAUDRACOUR AND JULIA.

I.

FAREWELL unto the valleys and the shores
Lashed by the sounding sea: awhile farewell
To every haunted fountain, lawny dell,
And piny wood thro' which the night wind roars—
And oh! sweet Love, soon must I say farewell
Even to thee, and Happiness—gay flowers
Ye are who shew yourselves in sunny hours,
But die away before your buds are blown.
Life's earliest relics, in its spring-time strewn
Like wither'd weeds before the steps of Fate.
Frail, fading offerings,—yet ere I sate
Myself with sorrow, in a pleasant rhyme
Would I speak somewhat of a gentler time.

The bridal hours in happy beauty passed,
(The feather footed hours!)—and hoary
Smoothed his pale brow, and with a look
From out the stream of joy a measure qua
And young Love shook his rosy wings an
Dance and Arcadian tale and sylvan song,
Which to those moments did of right belo
Went round and then returned: the morn
Met brighter eyes than e'er he glanced up
And evening saw them still the same, and
Looked from her star-lit throne, on stars n
The morn was given to tale, the noon to e
And musing beneath shade of branching t
The night to slumber; but at evening gra
When the too fiery son had passed away,
Music was heard beneath the smiling moo
Till midnight came, (it ever came too soo
And songs which lovers once were wont t
Of knight forlorn and lady triumphing;
And flowers that lie upon the breast of Mi

ınd died away as voices by a lyre
Touched by the trembling of its notes) expire.
–Around the lovers' brows white roses hung,
ınd at their feet the wealth of spring was flung;
ınd they at times would sit apart and speak
:ach to the other with a flushing cheek,
)r note the gentle look in maiden's eye,
:alled up by lordly gallant whispering by.

III.

Fate was at hand—a snake amidst the flowers,
\nd looked and laughed upon the passing hours;
\nd envy and pale hate then exiled far
'oretold the setting of Love's brighter star.
-Oh! the deep sorrow of that weary day
'hen Marcian chanced, as he was wont, to stray
arce listening to the Tyber's gentle sound,
: winding as the mazy river wound.
morn he left his home, and paced along,
panion'd only by a heart-felt song,
t sprung like incense to the gates of Heaven.
he gay fever of his spirit driven,
avelled swiftly onwards; but his sight
)uried in deep thought: the enchantments bright
'ie amongst the clouds he noticed not,
l the promise of the year forgot.
)lden fruitage from its grove of green
l out unheeded, and no longer seen
-bird mounted toward the morning Sun,
illy told aloft of day begun.
was wakened from that dreaming mood,

Hath *he* come peering from his watery home,
Mocking and withering every human sight?
Hath dark Orsini still a power to roam?
Dæmon or ghost or living thing he stands,
Staring with sullen eyes upon the sands,
As tho' he brooded o'er some wrong, or stro
To wreck on happier hearts the slights of lo
Like one escaped from toil, but fit for strife–
The last and lingering ill—the blight of life.

IV.

Colonna, sad Colonna—he hath fled
Wildly unto his home; there Julia lay
Upon her pillow slumbering, calm and gay
As sleep may be—"The waves, the waves"
"The sick sea-waters yawn and yield their d
The dead? he is alive: Peril nor pain
Death nor the grave would keep him in its b
The black Orsini is returned,—again."

I—of my fiery star? It comes. I see
The comet red, which Fate, mine enemy,
Hath placed about me like a circle sure;
I cannot fly, and yet shall I endure?
Endure—I must, evil and hate—I must,
And Hell, until I wither into dust:
That may be soon.—She moves poor wench. My love!
Hearest thou I call upon thee? My pale dove?
Still on my bosom, still." She woke: his eye
Rolled round and round, like one in misery,
Fearful to speak: but silence is not dumb,
And in his deep eloquent agony
She read strange fearful things. He whispered "Come—
We must be gone—" ("Be gone? dear Marcian!")
"Aye, quickly, for alas, we have no home
Nor refuge here. On land Italian
We must not build our hearths, nor hope to dwell
In safety now, from youth to age—"'tis well
Perhaps 'tis well," she said—"And wilt thou go
On a long journey with me,—far away?
I may not tell thee now; but a dire foe
Has risen upon me. Wilt thou wander—say?"
("All the world over I—") "Oh! thou hast said
Comfort unto my soul," he uttered.
"Whilst I may lay my head upon thy breast,
It matters not; my Heaven is there—my rest.
Let the red star shine on, for I am thine—
Thine while I am: In darkness and dismay,
Here, or in wildernesses far away,
In poverty forlorn or love divine,
In prisons or in freedom—aye, in death."

For she was his—the rest was all forgot.
—That night they left the land of Italy.

V.

There was a tempest brooding in the air
'ar in the west. Above, the skies were fair,
ınd the sun seemed to go in glory down:
ne small black cloud (one only) like a crown,
'ouched his descending disk and rested there.
low then it came along, to the great wind
ebellious, and (although it blew and blew,)
came increasing, and across the blue
ıread its dark shape, and left the sun behind
The day-light sank, and the winds wailed abo
ıe barque wherein the luckless couple lay,
ıd from the distant cloud came scattering out
/ers of fire: it seemed as though the day
d burst from out the billows, far away.
› pilot had they their small boat to

And came to battle with their legions: Hail
Shot shattering down, and thunders roared aloud,
And the wild lightning from his dripping shroud
Unbound his arrowy pinions blue and pale,
And darted thro' the heavens; Below, the gale
Sang like a dirge, and the white billows lashed
The boat, and then like ravenous lions dashed
Against the deep wave-hidden rocks, and told
Of ghastly perils as they backward rolled.

VI.

The lovers, driven along from hour to hour,
Were helpless, hopeless, in the ocean's power.
—The storm continued and no voice was heard,
Save that of some poor solitary bird,
Which sought a shelter on the quivering mast,
But soon borne off by the tremendous blast
Sank in the waters screaming. The great sea
Bared like the grave its bosom silently;
Then sank and panted like an angry thing,
With its own strength at war: The vessel flew
Towards the land, and then the billows grew
Larger and white, and roared as triumphing,
Scattering afar and wide the heavy spray
That shone like loose snow as it passed away.
At first the dolphin and the porpoise dark
Came rolling by them, and the hungry shark
Followed the boat, patient and eager-eyed,
And the gray curlew slanting dipped her side
And the hoarse gull his wing within the foam;
Some had sank, the rest had hurried home.

Raising of hopes, and shaded like morning—a
They sate together in their sweet despair:
At times upon his breast she laid her head,
And he upon her silent beauty fed,
Hushing her fears—and 'tween her and the s
Drew his embroidered cloak to keep her wa
She thanked him with a look upturned to his
The which she answered with a gentle kiss
Prrssed and prolonged to pain. Her lip was
And all her love and terror mutely told.—

VII.

O thou vast Ocean! Ever sounding Sea!
Thou symbol of a drear immensity!
Thou thing that windest round the solid wor
Like a huge animal, which downward hurl'd
From the black clouds, lies weltering and alo
Lashing and writhing till its strength be gone.
Thy voice is like the thunder, and thy sleep
Is as a giant's slumber, loud and deep

o'er its wastes the weakly tenants range
vill, and wound its bosom as they go:
· the same, it hath no ebb, no flow;
in their stated rounds the seasons come,
pass like visions to their viewless home,
come again and vanish: the young Spring
ts ever bright with leaves and blossoming,
Winter always winds his sullen horn,
:n the wild Autumn with a look forlorn
in his stormy manhood; and the skies
:p and flowers sicken when the Summer flies.
iou only, terrible Ocean, hast a power,
ill, a voice, and in thy wrathful hour,
:n thou dost lift thine anger to the clouds,
arful and magnificent beauty shrouds
broad green forehead. If thy waves be driven
:wards and forwards by the shifting wind,
quickly dost thou thy great strength unbind,
stretch thine arms, and war at once with Heaven.

iou trackless and immeasurable Main!
hee no record ever lived again
neet the hand that writ it: line nor lead
ever fathomed thy profoundest deeps,
re haply the huge monster swells and sleeps,
of his watery limit, who 'tis said
move the mighty ocean into storm—
wonderful thou art, great element:
fearful in thy spleeny humours bent,
lovely in repose: thy summer form
autiful, and when thy silver waves
: music in earth's dark and winding caves,

"Eternity, Eternity, [illegible]

VIII.

And now—whither are gone the love
Colonna, wearest thou anguish on thy b
And is the valour of the moment gone
Fair Julia, thou art smiling now alone:
The hero and the husband weeps at la
Alas, alas! and lo! he stands aghast,
Bankrupt in every hope, and silently g
Like one who maddens. Hark! the t
And the sea-billows come, and still he
His pale pale beauty closer to his hea
The ship has struck. One kiss—the
—They plunge into the waters and s
The vessel sinks,—'tis vanished, and
Rolls boiling o'er the wreck triumph
And shrieks are heard and cries, an
which the waves stifle quick, and d
[illegible]

to the Prince Colonna gray and old
ill unchanging tale he ever told.
children of his winter years were gone—
y lay, 'twas told, amongst the waters,—dead:
e bright spirit of their youth they fled,
left him, in his pallid age,—alone.
vet the dust with bitter tears, and bowed
re his idles, and vast treasures vowed
aint or virgin from his coffers bright;
often fiercely at the deep midnight
ld he do torture for his sin, and drank
) the very dregs the cup of pain.
i steel and stripe he wrought, until he sank
:ath the bloody penance:—'twas in vain.
orse, Remorse—(a famished creature bred
a Sin, and feasting on its father dead,)
ng like a withering snake upon his heart.
:apped him in its fiery folds around:
ung and withered, but it had no sound;
tho' he prayed and wept would not depart.

X.

ie palace of his fathers, once so gay,
mossed and green and crumbling to decay:
pillars yellowed in the marble halls,
thro' the ruined casements the wild rains
ied with destroying wrath, and shapeless stains
o'er, disfiguring, all the painted walls.
servants tended on their antient lord,
mirthful revel, banished from his board,
ht refuge with the humble. Song or sound

Had seared, and driven to life's last hold,–
—Friends passed, by one, and one, and on
His foes grew glad; his brother's children
Cast dice for his domain, while bending lo
Before the papal chair one whispered hov
Report had gone abroad of some dark crir
Done by the old man in his early time,
And hinted of his vast possessions, which
Divided, might the holy church enrich,
And his contented heirs. The mitred kii
Disdained to parley with so poor a thing;
Yet questioned the great prince, whose ai
Confirmed the story which the slanderer t
And so he lived, (a perished shape,) like
Lost in a lovely world—alone, alone.

XI.

And hath thy fiery planet then not set
Colonna?—When the winds and thunder

se the veering wind, and the next wave
e touched the ringlet of Colonna's hair,
h, streaming black upon the strand, lay there
mage of his fortunes—Dark and wild,
:cted, torn,—with an unquiet grave
beside him, there Colonna smiled,
it seemed, in death, but in his grasp
ield the lost and lifeless Julia.
:, tempest-stricken—in each others clasp,
iful on the sea-beat shore they lay:
d her body were his arms enwove,
ead upon his bosom, close as love.

XII.

:y died not. Housed within a fisher's cot
awned on them, and pain was soon forgot.
flew, and health returned and quietness,
till i' the world they found enough to bless.
na plied him in the fisher's trade;
ulia watched his evening sail,—afraid
a crested wave was on the deep,
f she heard the ocean billows sweep
y along the shore, she looked on high,
rophesied of storm and tempest nigh.
eve, returning home with shout and song,
shers plied their tossing boat along,
larcian at the helm the rudder guided,
ooked upon the waters, which divided
: the barque, seeming to rise and die,
hort hours in a deep eternity.
r a *menial* standing on the strand,

For thee to hide thee in thy dark distress
No haven and no hope, sweetest of all,
For thee to celebrate thy festival?
A sad short world is this, and yet thou ha
No home where thou may'st dream 'till lif
Tumult and strife and storm, and wild dis
Envy and hate,—and thus we pass away;
And trample on the flowers that deck ou
And goad ourselves, if others do not goad.

XIII.

No more in that lone hamlet were they
But the remembrance of what once had b
(Their deep and sad affection) still surviv
Their going. They had lived, and gently
Amongst the wild and sea-beat mariners:
His eye was clearing to a calm, and hers
Troubled, but still at times, and always so
And her sweet voice, (like music heard a

That spring on Asian sands, Colonna grew,
And with his burthen on his bosom flew,
Supporting, watching her from night to morn.
At last the chesnut groves and woods of pines
Frowned on them from the gloomy Appenines,
And then Colonna felt his bride was safe.
He placed her near Laverna in a cave,
High, overgrown and haunted, yet his sport
Had been to slumber there in former days,
And, from its dizzy height, he had loved to court
The breeze which ever o'er the mountains plays.
—Clad in his fisher's weeds, and with a brow
Bronzed by his sea-ward life, Colonna now
Went fearless to the convent, and would toil
For the pale monks and till their rocky soil,
And gain their bounty, (garments coarse, and food,)
Which he would carry to his cavern rude,
And feed the dove that lay within his nest,
And hush her every evening to her rest.

XIV.

At last she learned the tale—'Orsini—How!—
'Given up and banished from his grave, below—
'Orsini, dark Orsini!'—On her soul
The hollow words came like a thunder roll
Sounding at distance over hill and vale:
And Marcian marked her and his cheek grew pale,
And his hand trembled as he soothed her then,
And thro' his brain a terror flew again.
—Now paused he in his toil, and daily walk,
And *in the gloom* would often idly talk

He wept and prayed her not to leave him th
A lone man, in his madness—in despair.
And then he told her of his wretched youth
And how upon her love and gentle truth
His life had rested;—yet, she did not speak,
Save in the pallid hues that sunk her cheek,
And in her heaving breast, and rayless eye
Which spoke of some fixed grief that would

"And will she leave me then, who loved h
(So utterly, beyond the love of men,)
And p'ss into a wretch's arms again,
From mine so true—from mine? she shall ne
Yet wherefore should I stay her, if her love
Be gone, indeed"—and then at times he stre
To think that he might live and she afar,
The beauty of his life, the hope, the star.
Oh! melancholy thought, and vain, and brief
He felt that like the Autumn's perished leaf
His frame would wither, and from its great h

t with all her starry eyes grew dim,
'as changed,—and nought was true to him.

XV.

pain—at length, from pain, (for could he bear
ow burning wild without a tear?)
:d beside her: Towards him gloomily
ed, and then he gasped—"We—list to me—
must part,—must part: is it not so?"
; her head and murmured "Woe, oh! woe,
ıust be so—nay, Colonna—nay,
unto me: little can I say,
-(is it not sin?) doth wear my heart
death. Alas! and must we part,
have loved so long and truly?—yes;
: not born, (we were,) for wretchedness.
'cian, Marcian, I must go: my road
a distant home, a calm abode,
may pine my few sad years away,
and make my peace ere I decay—"

ıoke no more, for now she saw his soul
ı tumult, and his eyeballs roll
nd fiery red, and thro' his cheek
mson shot: he sighed but did not speak.
a horrid silence there he sate,
:, full of love, and death, and fate.
:he star that once his eye shone o'er
'orth again more fiercely than before;
)' his veins the current fever flew
ıtning, withering all it trembled through

For hours, as by some meteor thing begu
He wandered thro' the forests, sad and lo
His heart all fiery and his senses gone;
Till, at the last, (for nature sank at last,)
The tempest of the fever fell and past,
And he lay down upon the rocks to sleep
And shrunk into a troubled slumber, deep
Long was that sleep—long—very long, an
And frenzy suffered then a silent change,
And his heart hardened as the fire withdr
Like furnaced iron beneath the winter's c

XVI.

He gained—he gained (why droops my
An opiate deadly from the convent men,
And bore it to his cave: she drank that dr
Of death, and he looked on in scorn, and l
With an exulting, terrible joy, when she
Lay down in tears to slumber, silently.

te and watched her, as a nurse might do,
r the dull film steal across the blue,
', and felt her sweet forgiving smile,
she died, parted her lips the while.
d?—its pulse was silent—her voice gone,
ence in her smile still faintly shone,
ıer closing eyes a tenderness,
:med as she would fain Colonna bless.

ied, and spoke no word; and still he sate
ıer like an image. Death and Fate
ıe what might be then: The morning sun
ıon him: on him?—his task was done.
rderer and the murdered—one as pale
ıle shining white beneath the moon,
ıer dark as storms, when the winds rail
chafed sea,—but not to calm so soon—
:rness, nor hate, nor dread was there;
: still clinging round a wild despair,
y aspect, and a troubled eye,
ng o'er youth and beauty, born to die.

was she, and her mouth had fallen low,
l he watched her with a stedfast brow:
ed as a rock he sate, while she
ıged to clay, and perish'd. Drearily
ll the hues of death across her face:
ok, so lovely once, had lost its grace,
: its light, the cheek its colour, now.
human beauty, what a dream art thou,
: should cast our life and hopes away,
—*and dost* thou like a leaf decay.

XVII.

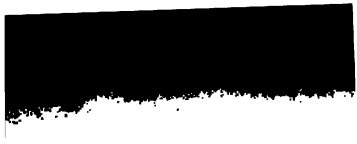
Fairest of all the world, thy tale is told
Thy name is written in a record old,
And I from out the legend now rehearse,
Thy story, shaping it to softer verse.
And thou, the lost Colonna,—thou, whos
Was fever-struck with love and jealous p
A wanderer wast thou lonely thro' the ea
Or didst thou tread, clad in thy pride of b
With high patrician step the streets of R
I know not; no one knew. A heavy glo
Wrapped thy last fortunes, luckless Marc
—Some told in after times that he was fo
Dying within the Inquisition's bound;
Some said that he did roam, a wretched r
In pilgrimage along the Arabian sands,
And some that he did dwell in the far la
Of west America, with savage men

n or of his deeds, for scorn or praise;
:cord for the proud Colonna race
ot or blazon, cherish or compare,
ite is lost: his name (like others)—air.

XVIII.

tale hath reached its end: yet still their dwells
erstition in those piny dells,
to Laverna. Forms 'tis said are seen
e the cave where once Colonna lay,
shadows linger there at close of day,
lusky shapes amongst the forests green
off like vapours at the break of morn;
sometimes a faint figure, (with a star
ning her forehead,) has been seen afar,
aunt the cliff and hang her head forlorn:
peasants still at the approach of night,
at distance, shun that starry light,
dread 'The Lady of the Mountains' when
ises radiant from her haunted glen.
convent? still it stands: its pile is strong,
well it echoes back the tempest's song;
still the cave is there: but they, alone
made it famous,—they are passed and gone.

THE END



JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

Many of the facts stated or referred to in
may be found in Gibbon's Decline and Fal
man Empire. On the night before the E
lian fought his last battle, he had the dre
have detailed in the first Scene of this Ske
is recorded that on the night of his death h
his soldiers, distributed rewards amongst
conversed with the sophists around him, res
immortality of the Soul. The names o
Nevitta, &c. are taken from history.

JULIAN THE APOSTATE.

SCENE I. *The Tent of the Emperor Julian. Night—near day-break.*

(JULIAN—*alone.*)

To-morrow?—aye, to-morrow. The bright Sun
Of my life will set in blood. Dark, heavy clouds
Are rolling round about me, yet my eye
Can reach into the dim eternity,
And in its bosom is—my grave. Oh! then,
Valour and War, farewell! Soldiers and friends,
Who in tempest of the battle, once,
With your loves girded me like triple steel,
I must be gone. Morning and Night farewell!
And all the beauty of this visible world;
And thou, fair Air! who music art and perfume,
Colour and light, and in thy silent arms
Now nursest with cold dews the sleeping flower,
And bidd'st the fever'd heart forget its pain,
Shall I behold thee never again?—Never!
A dull, protracting, melancholy word,
That, in an alien language, talks despair.
'Never!'—then Hope is gone and time departed:

It may not be: my hour is come—is c
And I must tread upon that shadowy st
A shadow, a pale solitary thing,
For ages and for ages, and there be
A Spirit, filled with human thoughts a
Languishing for some remote Elysium.
Great Mars, look down upon me: Am
Thy son adopted? oh! my patron Mar
My father, and my god, I perish here
For want of succour. Fate and Death
Wait smiling for the dust of Julian;
And the grave opens, with a sickly sm
Its hollow home, inviting me to rest.
Away—this must not be. Imperial R
Leans on my sword.—Who goes?

[ANATOLIUS *enters.*

Anat. My emperor!
You are——

Julian. 'Tis nothing—nothing. I a
Come hither, Anatolius: sit by me.

ınt we have fought and beat day after day,
we were faint with conquest——
ian. Forget this.
true, indeed, we take less time for breathing,
that we march for Rome, than when we came
ıt to see the Persian on his throne:
in our trumpets now the wailing notes
ıd lingering and prolonged. Well! 'twas not so
n we did visit Antioch—no, by Mars,
when we rode thro' Anatho, or pushed
battering engines thro' the gates of Anbar.
ıe were good times—great times.
ıat. Aye, when we shook
n to the dust their sixteen towers of brick
laogamalcha, and did mine our way
ath the dark foundations of its walls,
Persian did not smile: there was no time—
yet, (before,) do you remember how
' laughed upon us from their ramparts, and
; out with lusty lungs triumphant songs
ıt the glory of Sapor, (then he hid
ıead in Ctesiphon,) and—but you droop,
oble king!—
ian. Good Anatolius, you
been my friend and fellow soldier long;
ı my youth upwards. We have fought together
:rmany and Gaul, and on the banks
e black Danube, when its waters lay
en us and Hope.
at. Like a dark rolling Hell.
I remember it.
ian. My spirit never

—To day's—for even now the clouds o
To break about the east, and dawn is he
Before the stars have left us: Be it so.
My fate comes onward with a hurrying st
I'll meet as becomes me.—My old friend
Bear with me, and believe no idle fears
Shake me at this great hour. Thou shalt
Blush to behold thine old companion die
Who once fought well beside thee.

Anat. Oh! you hurt me.
By the great Jove you tear my heart awa
Why will you do it?

Julian. My dear soldier, this
Is the last day of Julian. Mourn it not.
Early I die, but in my life I have
Seen many things that age but seldom loo
Pleasure and power and peril. I have m
Myself a name, and carried the Roman a
Nobly amongst the nations. I shall be
Known to far ages as a man who bowed

As I was wont: I know it. Farewell now;
We'll talk of this to-morrow.

Julian. Oh! to-day
I must say something, Anatolius;
And you must listen, for 'twill ease my soul.
Fear not for me to-day. You'll see my sword
As busy as ever at its bloody work,
And, in the van, my plume. I have a leaf
From the green crown of Victory. You shall see
How soon we'll tame the Persian spirits down.

Anat. Aye, now you speak like Julian. Oh! we'll be...
These brown barbarians to their silken tents,
As we were wont. Let's talk of better times,
(If we must talk)—of the old Roman times,
When our rich veins fed Conquest with their blood,
And fear was stifled in our hearts. Away—
We'll fight as bravely as great Julius did,
And feast to-day with Sapor.

Julian. You shall do it.
And now but listen to me.—I have had
A solemn dream. Methought there did appear
The Genius of my country by my couch:
He held the horn of plenty in his hand,
And, covering it with a veil funereal,
Shrouded his head in darkness: Slowly then
Without a word—one word, he floated out,
And left me in my tent, alone.

Anat. Go on,
Go on.

Julian. I 'woke and started from my bed,
But there was nothing,—nought: So, I went forth,
(Then wide awake) to look upon the sky;

You never heard me tell of this: but, c
'Tis long ago—at Athens—(ere I drean
Of Rome or of the purple,) I was wont
To commune with her gray philosophe
And thy did bare the secrets of the gra
And shew'd unto mine eyes Cadmean sc
Torn from the tombs of Egypt. I beca
An Eleusinian, and partook those rites
Mysterious and sublime, which no man
Save only the elect. I have listened tc
The famous oracles; and, once a day,
Have heard at Thebes the lonely marl
Speak unto Apollo. I have learned
Magic, and things which since the birth
Have all been hidden from inferior minc
Which better thrive in darkness than in

Anat. And now—

Julian. And now, I can divine my fat
Last night I saw my tutelary star
('Tis Mars) rolling in the blue firmame

by my planetary God.
sun comes: then I must haste to speak.
st remember when Constantius died;
widow.
ınd a child.
'Twas so.
'as—ev'n while Constantius' wife,
o me. In boyhood, when I was
'eat danger, she did plead my cause,
v how eloquent she was,) and saved me;
after, thro' my checquer'd life,
my friend. Beneath her warming smile
es flourished, and I grew to power,
perhaps had lived not.
'hat was noble.
know what cause you had to love her.
She loved me; more perhaps than might
:ome
:ror's wife; (for when I wedded Helena
stranged awhile, and saw me not;)
ife died and then Constantius fell,
all. Somewhat indeed of hate
) clings upon his widow still.
ave perished, Anatolius, thou
:usebia's friend?
will, I will.
'ill live.
But should I die, my soldier,
lo thou be poor Eusebia's friend.
:tire to Athens. She will there
nd (for I know her,) glad to shun
rial splendour. Well! what say you, friend?

Bear it about thee, and lest any harm
(The Gods keep harm from thee) hinc
Befriending the poor queen, tell to Ne
Before the battle, this his general's wi
He will do all, I think, (but not as tho
Eusebia's gloomier fortunes ask. Tell
To look upon my arm when I am dea
And he'll see there a scar I got in Gat
It saved his life once: bid him think o
And be my friend for ever.

CENE II. *Julian's Tent.—Evening.*

AN (*on his couch, wounded;*) PRISCUS, MAXIMUS.

x. You're easier now?
an. Much easier: many thanks.
l so you think, good Priscus, that the Soul
of necessity quit this feeble clay,
the poor breath departs—that 'tis not hung
uscle or nerve, or buried in the blood,
ne will teach. For my part, I believe
here is good and evil, and for each
unishment and reward. Shall we not meet
iends hereafter, think you, Maximus?
x. I hope so, my dear Lord.
an. What think you, Sir?
scus. I must believe it. There is in the world
ng to fill up the wide heart of man;
nguishes for something past the grave;
pes—and Hope was never vainly given.
x. Hope treads but shadowy ground, at best.
scus. It is——
x. A guess.
m. And yet, Priscus is right, I think:
lope has in the soul obscure allies—
se, for evil acts; the dread of death;
pative joy, (tho' that, indeed,
se, more certain;) and as, Priscus says,
ward languishment of mind, which dreams

That feeling of a limitary power,
Which strikes and circumscribes the
Dimly, but with a voice potential, of
Wonders beyond the world, etherial
Starry, and pure, and sweet, and ne
I cannot think that the great Mind o
With its accumulated wisdoms too,
Must perish; why, the words he utte
And is the Spirit which gives birth t
Below its own creations?——Who is

[*An Officer enter*

Off. My Lord, the commander Nev
An audience.

Julian. Bid him come. I have not
Our friend (how is it?) Anatolius her

[NEVITTA *enters*

Your hand, my good Nevitta: Well!
We beat the Persian bravely to his ca
You'll tell 'em yet, at home, how well

have sworn to do.
. Friend! many thanks.
for thee hereafter, as for one
. me noble service. Maximus,
ost——
Who?
. Anatolius—an old friend:
ow soldier; nay, he was to me,
in the art of war. In youth,
beneath him; after as his fellow;
his king. He had great courage, Sirs;
m strike a bounding lion once,
ıller men fled trembling. He fought well
ho, and Anbar, and in Gaul,
rmany, and Maogamalcha, when
hed ourselves in blood. Old Sapor now
ı him boldly on his parched plains.
don, good Nevitta: thou art brave,
ior may be—oh! and many others.
e Anatolius' perfect praise
ıe well became his titles,—well;
d like a Roman soldier.
. I rejoice
you better, noble Lord.
ı. I am.
ns are gone, Nevitta, and I pass
ly on; the road leads to the skies,
ne's a summer's journey.—Who are they
ıit without? methought I heard a sound
ırmurs: I would fain depart at least
y friends' smiles around. Oh! let me have
ing voices to disturb my sleep;

To see once more their Emperor.

Max. They cannot.

Julian. Bid them come in—I thank y
For your kind care, but it will soothe n
To look upon my soldiers once again.
There's little time to spare, and I woul
Say a few words at parting.

[NEVITTA *calls the soldi*

Max. They are here.

Julian. Welcome my friends. Ah! :
thanks.
Give me a moment for recovery
—* Friends,
And fellow soldiers, the good season of
My death is now at hand, and I dischar
(As doth a ready debtor) every claim
Great nature makes; for I have long b
By lessons of divine philosophy
How much the soul is better than the c
That holds it, and that man should mor

Did summon me to arms, I bared my heart
To war and all its dangers, knowing (for
I could divine my fate) that I must die
In battle.—Now unto great Jove I offer
My thanks for that he hath saved me from disease,
False friends and the darts of foul conspirators.
He gave me a career of glory, and now
An honourable end: thus much I've tried
To say; but my strength fails me, and I feel
Death is at hand. Chuse for yourselves, my friends,
Another emperor now: the one who sheds
His blessing on ye, is about to pass
Unto the stars.

Sold. Alas, Alas!

Julian. Weep not.
Oh! my good Soldiers, weep not. You have been
All that your king has ever wished—till now.
Oh! you unman me: let us say farewell
Before we stain our cheeks with too much tears.
Yet—I've a few bequests. I love ye all
Alike; but there are some (a few) to whom
The chances of the war have made me debtor.
Marcus!

Sold. My Lord.

Julian. Come hither, my good Marcus.
—Now, by the God of battle, I shall weep,
And shame my death at once, if thus you play
The girl before me. Will you then betray
Your emperor, now so many eyes look on?

Sold. Oh! my dear Master.

Julian. Marcus, you have laid
A weight of gratitude upon my soul,

For many seasons. Wear it near ...
As the last gift of Julian. So, farev
Fabricius you have done your part
(And thro' the Persian war,) like a
Live henceforth a centurion. Hen
For thee, and never in the after tin
Forget to enterpose thy shield betv
A hot barbarian and thy living Kin
So hast thou done to-day. Before
I speak this of Fabricius: love him
Farewell, centurion. Now, come
What is your name?

Sold. 'Tis—Julian, my great Lo

Julian. So then; my namesake
Soldiers and friends, be sure, wh
You shelter this young blossom c
Altho' he looks like Hylas, he ca
A spear like Mars. To-day I sav
A Persian to the ground, of twic
A giant fellow, who perhaps hac

Sit on your swords for ever. So, farewell.

[SOLDIERS *go out.*]

Priscus and Maximus, is it not strange
That I who but last evening (nay, by Mars,
This very morn) was checked for my sad talk,
By Anatolius, in a few short hours
Should, in my turn, stifle the words of grief
In others?

Max. So it is. The mind is full
Of curious changes that perplex itself.
Just like the visible world; and the heart ebbs
Like the great sea; first flows, and then retires,
And on the passions doth the spirit ride,
Thro' sunshine and in rain, from good to ill,
Then to deep vice, and so on back to virtue;
Till in the grave, that universal calm,
We sleep the sleep eternal.

Julian. You have not
The wish to live hereafter, Maximus;
Or you would feel how poor to the Soul's eye
Are there our earthly joys. If Death were sleep,
Why should we dread to sleep, who often court
A noon-day's slumber, and who bless the power
That gently on our eyelids lays his touch,
In times of fever, tumult, grief, or pain?
Oh! is it thus that ye would bid me think,
Now I am going from ye?—Mighty Jove!
I do beseech thee, and thou, valiant Mars,
My guardian God, look from your burning thrones
Upon the fainting soul of Julian.
Have I not loved and worshipped ye, and turned
From other altars to bow down to yours,

My faith was good. I ask y
Clip up for ever in its chilling ar
And are the stories of hereafter, t
Are there not pleasures and cons
Endless or limited, for good and
And dreams—enchantments for t
Of all who earn the rare Elysium
And haunted Styx, where disem
Wander; and Tartarus, that prof
Filled up with wretches who we
And Fate, and dark Alecto and
And Death, and Rhadamanthus,
And the most drear dominion of
O speak! a word, a glance, a g
The world to come.—They sle
And yet will they move from th
To hearken to my frail petitio
I cannot hope it. Priscus, Ma
Farewell; I faint: My tongue
It clings against my mouth. S

AMELIA WENTWORTH.

AMELIA WENTWORTH.

SCENE I. *A Room.*

WENTWORTH, AMELIA.

Amel. You have determined then on sending Charles
To India?

Went. Yes.

Amel. Poor boy! he looks so sad and pale,
He'll never live there. 'Tis a cruel lot
At best, to leave the land that gave us birth,
And sheltered us for many a pleasant year;
The friends that loved us and the spots we loved,
For such a distant country. He will die.
Remember,—'tis Amelia's prophecy.
Oh! do not be so harsh to the poor youth.
Do not desert your better nature. Nay—
You will not send him, Wentworth?

Went. He will sail
In twenty days.

Amel. How can you be so cruel.
He shall not go.

Went. Madam, you interest
Yourself too much, methinks, for this young man.

[illegible] you not.

Amel. Away, away.

Went. Madam, while you are Godfrey
wife,
These tender—friendships must be laid as
Oh! you can smile. By——

Amel. Mr. Wentworth, you
(I must believe it) jest: you jest with me.

Went. Go on, go on: you think me quit
Woman, my eyes are open; wide awake,
To you, and all my infamy. By heaven,
I will not be a bye word and a mock
In all the mouths of men, for any——Psha
I still respect your ears, you see; I——

Amel. You
Insult me, Sir.

Went. Forgive me: I indeed
Am somewhat of a prude; you'll scorn me f
I still think women modest—in the mass.

Amel. Sir—Mr. Wentworth—you have us
Yourself you have [illegible]

splendour, and he could not bow him down,
ke men who never felt the warmth of fortune.
e gave me up, a victim; and I saw
yself (ah! how I shuddered) borne away
y you, the Evil Angel of my life,
o a portentous splendour. I became
pining bride, a wretch,—a slave to all
our host of passions; but I swore (may God
orgive me!) to love you—you, when I loved
nother, and you knew it: Yes, you knew
y heart was given away, and yet you wed me.
eave me! Sir.

Went. Have you done? Woman, do you think
his mummery is to work me from my purpose—
y settled will. Mistress, I leave you now:
ut this remember, that your minion—Oh!
do not heed your frowning—your boy-love
Vill visit India shortly or, it may be
You are his guide) a prison here, in England.
arewell.

Amel. Yet stay—a word more ere we quit.
do beseech you (tho' my wrongs are great,
nd my proud spirit ill can stoop to this,)
ou take your malediction from this youth.
le is as innocent—I *think* he's innocent
f the least ill toward you. For me, I am
'oo innocent to sue; yet let me say,
ince the sad hour I wed you, I have been
s faithful to our cold communion
s tho' my heart had from the first been yours,
r you been generous after. Once more, Sir,
would implore you—for your comfort—for

My heart against him. Woman, as y
Always as warm as now? By earth
Had I but wavered in his destiny,
This would have fixed me. Seek y
And in your meditations think how
Your name may sound (my name!) h
It may be worth your care. Thus l
My wrath, and let you wander at yo
You have grown bold in guilt; be p
Save a fair name, or I must tell the
How ill you keep your secrets.

Amel. He is gone.
And I am here—oh! such a weary
Oh! Father, Father, what a heart h
To cast me on the wide and bitter
With such a friend as this. I woul
From the pale morning 'till the d
And lived as poorly, and smiled ch
Keeping out sorrow from our cott
And there was one who would ha

[CHARLES *enters.*]

Ch. 'Tis I.
You are in tears?
Amel. Away. Draw down the blinds;
The summer evenings now come warmly on us.
Go, pluck me yonder flower.
Ch. This Rose—mean you?
It fills the room with perfume: 'tis as red,
And rich, and almost too, as beautiful,
As——
Amel. As Aurora's blushes, or my own.
I see you want a simile.
Ch. You are gay.
Too gay for earnest talk. Who has been here?
Amel. No one; I will not tell; I've made a vow,
And will not break it, 'till—until I'm pressed.
Ch. Then let me press you.
Amel. Silly boy, away,
Go gather me more flowers, violets.
Ch. Here let me place them in your hair.
Amel. No, no.
The violet is for poets: they are yours.
O rare! I like to see you bosom them.
Had they been golden, such as poets earned,
You might have treasured them.
Ch. They are far more
To me,—for they were yours, Amelia.
Amel. Give me the rose.
Ch. But where shall it be placed?
Amel. Why in my hand—my hair. Look! how it blushes,
To see us both so idle. Give it me.
Where? where do ladies hide their favourite flowers,

Amel. Call me your mother,
Ch. My Guardian——
Amel. Ah! name him not t
been
Jesting awhile; but my dark h
Comes like a cloud upon me.
Far, my dear Charles, from th
you:
To Hindostan.
Ch. I know it.
Amel. For myself,
I shall think of you often, my
Think of me sometimes. Wh
You'll recollect the coward yo
Over the seas in England?
Ch. Spare my heart.
Amel. I do not think you ha
Ch. Amelia, Oh! Amelia, y
Know the poor heart that br
Oh! do not take it ill: but n

Once I *will* call you so. Do—do not scorn me,
And blight my youth—I do not ask for love;
I dare not. Trample not upon my heart,
My untouched heart—I gave it all to you,
Without a spot of care or sorrow on it.
My spirit became yours—I worshipped you,
And for your sake in silence. Say but once
You hate me not for this—Speak, speak!

Amel. Alas!

Ch. Weep not for me, my gentle love. You said
Your husband threatened you. Come, then, to me;
I have a shelter and a heart for you,
Where, ever and for ever you shall reign.
Amelia, dear Amelia! speak a word
Of kindness and consenting to me—Speak!
If but a word, or tho' it be not kindness:
Speak hope, doubt, fear,—but not despair; Or say
That some day you *may* love, or that if ever
Your cruel husband dies, you'll think of me;
Or that you wish me happy,—or that perhaps
Your heart—nay speak to me, Amelia.

Amel. Is then your love so deep?

Ch. So deep? It is.
Twined with my life: it *is* my life—my food—
The natural element wherein I breathe—
My madness—my heart's madness—it is all
—Oh! what a picture have I raised upon
My sandy wishes. I have thought at times
That you and I in some far distant country
Might live together, blessing and beloved;
And I have shaped such plans of happiness,
For *us and all* around us, (you indeed

Alas, Alas!

Ch. Weep not for me, my lo
I—I am nought: not worth a sin
I will depart—or may I kiss away
Those drops of rain? Well, well
And yet—Oh! what a paradise is
Secure, requited love. I will no
Or we will go together. There
For young and happy spirits:
Will thither fly, and dwell besid
That runs in music 'neath the I
Aye, some sweet island still sha
Where fruits and flowers are b
And Summer, Autumn, Spring,
Where Winter comes not, and
But nature in her beauty revell
You shall be happy, sweet Am
At last; and I—it is too much
Forgive me while I look upon
And swear to thee by Love, a

My husband menaced me, and told me of
Public and broad disgrace, it met my scorn:
But have I, my poor youth, been so unkind
To you, as not to see this—love before?
Charles, I have driven you from your early home:
I see it now: I only—hate me for it.

Ch. I'll love you, like bright heaven. The fixed stars
Shall never be so constant. I am all
Your own. Not sin, nor sorrow, nor the grave,
Not the cold, hollow grave shall chill my love:
It will survive beyond the bounds of death,
The spirit of the shadow which may there
Perhaps do penance for my deeds of ill.

Amel. Stay this wild talk.

Ch. Men have been known to love
Thro' years of absence, aye, in pain and peril,
And one did cast life and a world away,
For a loose woman's smile: nay, Love has dwelt,
A sweet inhabitant, in a dæmon's breast,
Lonely, amidst bad passions; burning there,
Like a most holy and sepulchral light,
And almost hallowing its dark tenement.
Why may not I——

Amel. I thought I heard a step.
How strangely you speak now—again, again.
Leave me; quick, leave me.

Ch. 'Tis your tyrant coming:
Fly rather you.

Amel. If you have pity, go.

Ch. Farewell then: yet, should he repulse you—

Amel. Then
I will—*but go*: you torture me.

—My [illegible]
Armed in my innocence and
'Tis hard to suffer where we
And pray to those who shoul
'Tis a brave world, I see. P
Go hand in hand resistless an
And patient virtue and pale n
Like the sad flowers of the to
Are cropped before they blo
Or by the fierce winds withe
But I have flaunted in the S
My smiles in prodigality aw
And now, and now—no matt
Whether I live scorned or l
Better be hated, could my p
And I consent to fly. It m

SCENE II. *A Chamber. Night.*

A considerable period of time is supposed to have alapsed between this and the preceding Scene.

AMELIA, MARIAN.

Mar. Are you awake, dear lady?
Amel. Wide awake.
There are the stars abroad, I see.—I feel
As tho I had been sleeping many a day.
What time o' the night is it?
Mar. About the stroke
Of midnight.
Amel. Let it come. The skies are calm
And bright; and so, at last, my spirit is.
Whether the Heavens have influence on the mind
Thro' life, or only in our days of death,
I know not; yet, before, ne'er did my soul
Look upwards with such hope of joy, or pine
For that hope's deep completion. Marian!
Let me see more of Heaven. There—enough.
Are you not well, sweet girl?
Mar. Oh! yes: but you
Speak now so strangely: you were wont to talk
Of plain familiar things, and cheer me: now
You set my spirit drooping.
Amel. I have spoke

Which wraps the world o' nights.
I do remember in my follying days
What wild and wanton wishes once
Slaves—radiant gems—and beauty
And friends (a ready host)—but I f
I shall be dreaming soon, as once I
When I had Hope to light me. H
My gentle girl, for a sick woman's
There's one I've heard you si
eye'—
No, that's not it: the words are ha
'His eye like the mid-day sun was
Mar. 'Tis so.
You've a good memory. Well, lis
I must not trip, I see.
Amel. I hearken. Now.

SONG.

And yet, when he of his long love sighed,
She laughed in scorn:—he fled, and died.

Mar. There is another verse of a different air,
But indistinct—like the low moaning
Of summer winds in the evening: Thus it runs:

They said he died upon the wave,
And his bed was the wild and bounding billow;
Her bed shall be a dry earth grave:
Prepare it quick, for she wants her pillow.

Amel. How slowly and how silently doth Time
Float on his starry journey. Still he goes,
And goes, and goes, and doth not pass away.
He rises with the golden morning, calmly,
And with the moon at night. Methinks, I see
Him stretching wide abroad his mighty wings,
Floating for ever o'er the crowds of men,
Like a huge vulture with its prey beneath.
Lo! I am here, and Time seems passing on:
To-morrow I shall be a breathless thing—
Yet he will still be here; and the blue hours
Will laugh as gaily on the busy world,
As tho' I were alive to welcome them.
There's one will shed some tears. Poor Charles!

[CHARLES *enters.*]

Ch. I am here.
Did you not call?

Amel. You come in time. My thoughts

—My husband has been harsh unto me,—
He *is* my husband; and you'll think of t
If any sterner feeling move your heart?
Seek no revenge for me. You will not?
Is it so hard to grant my last request?
He is my husband: he was father, too,
Of the blue-eyed boy you were so fond
Do you remember how his eyelids close
When the first summer rose was openi
'Tis now two years ago—more, more: s
I now am hastening to him. Pretty boy
He was my only child. How fair he loo
In the white garment that encircled him
'Twas like a marble slumber; and whe
Laid him beneath the green earth in hi
I thought my heart was breaking—yet I
But I am weary now.

Mar. You must not talk,
Indeed, dear lady; nay—

Ch. Indeed you must not.

Charles, I have lived in this too bitter world
Now almost thirty seasons: you have been
A child to me for one third of that time.
I took you to my bosom, when a boy,
Who scarce had seen eight Springs come forth and vanish.
You have a warm heart, Charles, and the base crowd
Will feed upon it, if—but you must make
That heart a grave, and in it bury deep
Its young and beautiful feelings.
Ch. I will do
All that you wish—all; but you cannot die
And leave me.
Amel. You shall see how calmly Death
Will come and press his finger, cold and pale,
On my now smiling lip: These eyes men swore
Were brighter than the stars that fill the sky,
And yet they must grow dim: an hour—
Ch. Oh! no.
No, no: oh! say not so. I cannot bear
To hear you talk thus. Will you break my heart
Amel. No: I would caution it against a change
That soon must happen. Calmly let us talk.
When I am dead—
Ch. Alas, Alas!
Amel. This is
Not as I wish: you had a braver spirit.
Bid it come forth. Why, I have heard you talk
Of war and danger—Ah!—

[WENTWORTH *enters.*]

Mar. She's pale—speak, speak.

Poor faded girl! I was too harsh-

Ch. Look!

Mar. She has left us.

Ch. It is false. Revive!

Mother, revive, revive!

Mar. It is in vain.

Ch. Is it then so?—My soul is si

Oh! mother, mother. I—I cannot

Oh! for some blinding tears to dim

So I might not gaze on her.—And

Indeed, indeed struck *her*,—so bea

So wronged, and never erring; so

By one—who now has nothing left

Oh! thou bright Heaven, if thou art

Thy brighter angels to thy bosom,-

For lo! the brightest of thy host is

Departed,—and the earth is dark b

—And now—I'll wander far and far

Like one that hath no country. I s

A sullen pleasure in that

So from the sad aspects of different things
My soul shall pluck a courage, and bear up
Against the past.—And now—for Hindostan.

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

Ch. Look!

Mar. She has left us.

Ch. It is false. Revive!
Mother, revive, revive!

Mar. It is in vain.

Ch. Is it then so?—My soul is sick and fa
Oh! mother, mother. I—I cannot weep.
Oh! for some blinding tears to dim my eye
So I might not gaze on her.—And has deat
Indeed, indeed struck *her*,—so beautiful?
So wronged, and never erring; so beloved
By one—who now has nothing left to love.
Oh! thou bright Heaven, if thou art calling
Thy brighter angels to thy bosom,—rest,
For lo! the brightest of thy host is gone—
Departed,—and the earth is dark below.
—And now—I'll wander far and far away,
Like one that hath no country. I shall find
A sullen pleasure in that life, and when
I say 'I have no friend in all the world,'
My heart will swell with pride, and make

the sad aspects of different things
l shall pluck a courage, and bear up
the past.—And now—for Hindostan

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

This Scene is written in imitation of, rat
conformity to, the mode originated by
gic-writers.

THE RAPE OF PROSERPINE.

Scene. *The Vale of Enna.*

Proserpine, Virgins.

Proser. Now come and sit around me,
And I'll divide the flowers, and give to each
What most becomes her beauty. What a vale
Is this of Enna! Every thing that comes
From the green earth, springs here more graciously;
And the blue day, methinks smiles lovlier now
Than it was wont, even in Sicily.
My spirit mounts as triumphing, and my heart
In which the red blood hides, seems tumulted
By some delicious passion. Look, above,
Above—How nobly through the cloudless sky
The great Appollo goes!—Jove's radiant son—
My father's son: and here, below, the bosom
Of the green earth is almost hid by flowers.
Who would be sad to-day! Come round, and cast
Each one her odorous heap from out her lap,
Into one *pile*. Some we'll divide amongst us,

(This one half blown) shall be my
For that like it her blush is beautif
And this deep violet, almost as blu
As Pallas' eye, or thine, Lycimnia,
I'll give to thee; for like thyself it
Its sweetness, never obtruding. F
Where can it hang but at Cyane's
And yet 'twill wither on so white a
If flowers have sense for envy:—It
Amongst thy raven tresses, Cyther
Like one star on the bosom of the
The cowslip, and the yellow primr
Are gone, my sad Leontia, to their
And April hath wept o'er them, an
Of March hath sung, even before th
The dirge of those young children
But here is heart's-ease for your wo
The honeysuckle flower I give to t
And love it for my sake my own Cy
It hangs upon the stem it loves, as

CHORUS.

Behold, behold, Proserpina!
Dark clouds from out the earth arise,
And wing their way towards the skies,
As they would veil the burning blush of day.
And, look! upon a rolling car,
Some fearful being from afar
Comes onward. As he moves along the ground,
A dull and subterranean sound
Companions him; and from his face doth shine,
Proclaiming him divine,
A light that darkens all the vale around.

SEMICHORUS, *(Cyane.)*

'Tis he, 'tis he: he come to us
From the depths of Tartarus.
For what of evil doth he roam
From his red and gloomy home,
In the centre of the world,
Where the sinful dead are hurled?
Mark him as he moves along
Drawn by horses black and strong,
Such as may belong to Night
'Ere she takes her morning flight.
Now the chariot stops: the god
On our grassy world hath trod:
Like a Titan steppeth he,
Yet full of his divinity.
On his mighty shoulders lie
Raven locks, and in his eye

Proser. He comes indeed. H
Terribly lovely—Shall I shun his
Which even here looks brightly
What a wild leopard glance he l
Jove's daughter, and shall I then
I will not: yet, methinks, I fear
Come, let us go, Cyane.

[PLUTO *ent*

Pluto. Stay, oh! stay.
Proserpina, Proserpina, I come
From my Tartarean kingdom to b
The brother of Jove am I. I com
Gently, beside this blue Sicilian st
How much I love you, fair Proser
Think me not rude that thus at on
My passion. I disarm me of all po
And in the accents of a man I sue,
Bowing before your beauty. Brigh
Let me—still unpresuming—say I l
Roamed through the earth, where

Or answering hush the river's sweet reproach—
Oh! I've escaped from all, to come and tell
How much I love you, sweet Proserpina.

SEMICHORUS, *(Cyane.)*

Come with me, away, away,
Fair and young Proserpina.
You will die unless you flee,
Child of crowned Cybele.
Think of all your Mother's love,
Of every stream and pleasant grove
That you must for ever leave,
If the dark king you believe.
Think not of his eyes of fire,
Nor his wily heart's desire,
Nor the locks that round his head
Run like wreathed snakes, and fling
A shadow o'er his eyes glancing;
Nor, the dangerous whispers hung,
Like honey, roofing o'er his tongue.
But think of all thy Mother's glory—
Of her love—of every story
Of the cruel Pluto told,
And which grey Tradition old,
With all its weight of grief and crime,
Hath plucked from out the grave of Time.
Once again I bid thee flee,
Daughter of great Cybele.

Proser. You are too harsh, Cyane.
Pluto. Oh! *my love,*

I'll not believe you. What a cun
He has, Cyane; has he not?—Ay
Can the gods flatter?

Pluto. By my burning throne!
I love you, sweetest: I will mak
Of my great kingdom. One thir
Shall you reign over, my Proserp
And you shall rank as high as an
Save one, within the starry court

Proser. Will you be true?

Pluto. I swear it. By myself!
Come then, my bride.

Proser. Speak thou again, my
Speak, harsh Cyane, in a harshe
And bid me not believe him. A
Your head in silence.

Pluto. Come, my brightest qu
Come, beautiful Proserpina, and
The regions over which your hu
His palaces, and radiant treasur

homage before Jove.
Proser. Speak out, Cyane!
Pluto. But, above all, in my heart shall you reign
preme, a goddess and a Queen indeed,
thout a rival. Oh! and you shall share
subterranean power, and sport upon
e fields Elysian, where, 'midst softest sounds,
d odours springing from immortal flowers,
d mazy rivers, and eternal groves
bloom and beauty, the good spirits walk:
d you shall take your station in the skies
arest the queen of Heaven, and with her hold
lestial talk, and meet Jove's tender smile,
beautiful——
Proser. Away, Away, Away.
thing but force shall ever. Oh! away.
not believe—Fool that I am to smile.
me round me virgins. Am I then betrayed?
raudful king!
Pluto. No, by this kiss, and this:
n your own, my love; and you are mine
ever and for ever.—Weep Cyane.

CHORUS.

They are gone, afar—afar:
Like the shooting of a star,
See,—their chariot fades away.
Farewell, lost Proserpina.

(Cyane is gradually transformed.)

And all her garments flo
Again, again, she rises,—
Her head is like a founta
And her glossy ringlets fa
With a murmur musical,
O'er her shoulders, like a
That rushes and escapes
—Is the fair Cyane gone
And is this fountain left a
For a sad remembrance, v
We may in after times re
With heavy heart, and we
To sing songs to her mer

Oh! then farewell: and now with
Deeply, to Diana's temple will we
But ever on this day we will return
Constant, to mark Cyane's fountain
And haply,—for among us who can
The secrets written on the scrolls

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

HEREAFTER

"The glory and the freshness of a dream."
WORDSWORTH.

I saw a Shape of beauty in a dream,
Gazing on me. I saw her bright eyes gleam,
Like planets when the waned Moon is gone
Out of the skies. We two were quite alone:
But 'tween us there was drawn an icy bar,
That shone and sparkled like a streaming star,
And daunted me, for all the air around
Was like the coldest springs. There was no sound
Or motion from the sight that met my eye:
Yet I sate mute, and listen'd painfully
To catch the faintest whisper from the form.
Oh! I could have endured the wildest storm
Better than the bright silence of those eyes.
They froze my soul. At last, she seem'd to rise,
And, opening her white bosom, bade me come
Unto her heart, and dwell in that calm home
For ever. How I flew! the bar was shatter'd
To fragments in a moment, and I scatter'd
The bonds that bound me, as the Hebrew tore
The puny cords which in his sleep he wore.

That haunt the speculator's brain, and [illegible]
At last to darkness, and begets repose.

I stood beside her, (there was mighty sp
Between us, though I seemed to touch th
Whereon she was,) and she put forth her
And with a look of most supreme commar
But mild as morning, took me to her hear
—I fainted, died—I know not what;—the
Of Death methought was on me; but she
Like a fond mother o'er her fainting child
And I arose. I heard that beauty call
Upon me, with a voice so musical,
So deep, and calm, and touching, that had
Been buried in the chambers of the earth
I had awoke, and claim'd a lovlier birth.
I listen'd to the music of her sigh,
That came across me, like a summer sho
Freshning the waters, and I blest the po
Whate'er it was, that drew me to that pl

'What there is after, yet you may not know,
'Nor may I be allow'd—nor *can* I show.
'Oh! fear me not: my heart hath lost its chill
'Towards thee now, but I will love thee still.
'I am not dreadful, youth; I——stay your breath
'And listen to me!——I am called "DEATH."
'I am belied, and mock'd, and masqued in bones,
'And hated by the bad, and, with deep groans,
'Am worshipp'd like a dæmon, and with tears,
'And all the horrid host of human fears.
'Yet some, for me, will lose themselves in war,
'And some in revelry, and some in crime,
'And some, in youth, will court me from afar,
'Striking the spirit down before its time.'

'I love more gentle visitings, when the Good
'(Aged and young, in numbers—like a flood
'Majestically flowing in its course,)
'Come to my shadowy dwellings, without force.
'Those hide I amongst flowers that bloom for ever,
Or lay them down by yonder pleasant river,
'That wanders to the land oblivious.
'Here shall you rest for ages: even by us
'Time passes in his round, although his power
'May not be felt here 'till the final hour,
'When this dim land shall vanish, and the sight
'Open again upon some world of light.'

'Come; thou may'st taste of purer pleasures yet,
'Although thine iced limbs have lost their motion;
'And every sorrow thou wilt here forget,
'(*Thou hast* forgot already, while I speak.)

‘ That do delight thee,) that fair s
‘ From time to time : and then thi
‘ And revel all amongst the ether
‘ That star the blue skies upon m
‘ And brightest colours shall glear
‘ And flowers arise, and soft shap
‘ And perfumes shall exhale o’er t
‘ Are songs to charm thy melanch
‘ As dim and distant as the “ cuck
‘ To whom no mate replies, or tha
‘ Of love, in deep untrodden forest
‘ That cometh from the nightingal

How fearful were the words th
At first, her voice upon my sense
So sudden that I started, but at las
It fell and fainted, and, like music
Hung in my ear—or some memori
That will not leave us while we w
Old scenes,—although they whom

THE COMET.

Regnorum eversor rubuit lethale Cometes.

Behold! amidst yon wilderness of stars
(Angels and bright eyed deities that guard
The inner skies, whilst the sun sleeps by night,)
One unlike the rest—misshapen—red,
All wandering from its course.—If Sybils now
Wreathed their dark oracles, or nations bent,
As once they bent, before Apollo's shrine,
Awaiting a frenzied priestess' auguries,
What might not this portend—changes and acts
Of fear, and bloody massacres—perhaps
Some sudden end to this fair formed creation,—
Half the globe made desolate. Behold!
How glares; how like an omen. If that I
Could for a time forget myself in fable,
(Pagan or Heathen storied) I could fancy
This were indeed some spirit, 'scaped by chance
From torments in the central earth, and flung

Sprang up, adventurous, from each blazing
And like a stream of fire winged his fierce wa
Ambiguous, undismayed, thro' frightful waste
To where, amidst the jarring elements,
Stern Chaos sate, and everlasting Night
Held her dominion;—yet, even there, he fou
The way to Eden.

A VOICE.

Vox et Praeterea Nihil.

)H! what a voice is silent. It was soft
mountain-echoes, when the winds aloft—
e gentle winds of summer meet in caves;
when in sheltered places the white waves
e 'wakened into music, as the breeze
nples and stems the current: or as trees
aking their green locks in the days of June:
Delphic girls when to the maiden moon
ey sang harmonius pray'rs: or sounds that come
owever near) like a faint distant hum
t of the grass, from which mysterious birth
e guess the busy secrets of the earth.
ike the low voices of Syrinx, when she ran
o the forests from Arcadian Pan:
sad Œnone's, when she pined away
: Paris, or (and yet 'twas not so gay)
Helen's whisper when she came to Troy,

In May, to see the roses all asleep:
Or like the dim strain which along the deep
The sea-maid utters to the sailor's ear,
Telling of tempests, or of dangers near:
Like Desdemona, who (when fear was strong
Upon her soul) chaunted the willow song,
Swan-like before she perish'd: or the tone
Of flutes upon the waters heard alone:
Like words that come upon the memory
Spoken by friends departed; or the sigh
A gentle girl breathes when she tries to hide
The love her eyes betray to all the world be

MELANCHOLY.

THERE is a mighty Spirit, known on earth
r many names, tho' one alone becomes
i mystery, its beauty, and its power.
is not Fear,—'tis not the passive fear
iat sinks before the future, nor the dark
espondency that hangs upon the past:
)t the soft spirit that doth bow to pain,
)r that which dreads itself, or slowly eats
ke a dull canker till the heart decays.
it in the meditative mind it lives,
eltered, caressed, and yields a great return;
id in the deep silent communion
hich it holds ever with the poet's soul,
mpers, and doth befit him to obey
gh inspiration. To the storms and winds
giveth answer in as proud a tone;
on its seat, the heart of man, receives
e gentler tidings of the elements.
often home returning from a spot
ly to me from many wanderings,

Of each and gather to a [illegible]
And shone unclouded by a thought of p
Grief may sublime itself, and pluck the s
From out its breast, and muse until it se
Ethereal, starry, speculative, wise.
But then it is that Melancholy comes,
Out charming grief—(as the gray mornir
The tempest oft,) and from its fretful fir
Draws a pale light, by which we see ou
The present, and the future, and the pa

IDSUMMER MADNESS.

would I that I might cast me in the sea
ish not.—Great Neptune! I would be
d to the freedom of the main,
id before your vast creation's plain,
n your watery kingdom thro' and thro',
your branching woods, and palace blue,
ilt and domed with crystal; aye, and view
ded wonders of the lonely deep,
on choral banks the Sea-maids sleep,
of ancient Nereus, and behold
eaming dance about their father old,
the blue Ægean, where he sate
to prophecy, and full of fate:
as Arion harped, indeed,
go floating on my dolphin-steed
billows, and, triumphing there,
white Siren from her cave, to share
and kiss her willing forehead fair.

And mount aloft and mingle in my pride
With the great spirits of your purer worl
And with the music of your winds sublime
Commune, and see those shadows, for this
Too buoyant, and excelling shapes, which
Has lifted up to a diviner birth,
Amongst the stedfast stars. Away, away;
For in the fountains bright, whence streat
Now will I plunge, and bathe my brain th
And cleanse me of all dull poetic sin.

—It may not be. No wings have I to s
The heights which the great poets pass a
On earth must I still chaunt an earthly so
But I may hear, in forests seldom trod,
Love's gentle martyr, the lost nightingale
Voice her complaint, and when the shad
May see the white stag glance across the
Affrighted, like a dusky spectre pale.
This is enough for me, and I can see

ıefore him. 'Tis enough for me,
:an bask in woman's star-like eyes,
in that love-haunted paradise,
.t a wish ever to wander free.

"Here's a health

Here's a health to thee,
Here's a health to thee;
The drinkers are gone,
And I am alone,
To think of home and th

There are some who ma
And many as frank and fr
And a few as fair,
But the summer air
Is not more sweet to me

Be thou but true to me, Mary,
And I'll be true to thee;
And at set of sun,
When my task is done,
Be sure that I'm ever with thee, Mary.

NIGHT.

Now, to thy silent presence, Night!
Is this, my young song offered: Oh! to t
Down-looking with thy thousand eyes of l
To thee, and thy starry nobility,
That float, with a delicious murmuring,
(Tho' unheard here) about thy forehead l
And as they ride along, in order due,
Circling the round globe in their wanderi
To thee, their ancient queen, and mother,

Mother of beauty! Veiled queen!
Feared, and sought, and never seen
Without a heart-imposing feeling,
Whither art thou gently stealing?
In thy smiling presence, I

Not dull and cold and dark art thou:
Who that beholds thy clearer brow,
Endiadem'd with gentlest streaks
Of fleecy-silver'd cloud, adorning
Thee fair as when the young Sun wakes,
And from his cloudy bondage breaks,
And lights upon the breast of morning,
But must feel thy powers—
Mightier than the storm that lowers,
Fairer than the virgin Hours,
That smile when Titan's daughter scatters
Her rose-leaves on the valleys low,
And bids her servant breezes blow.

Not Appollo when he dies
In the wild October skies,
Red and stormy; nor when he,
In his meridian beauty rides
Over the bosom of the waters,
And turns the blue and burning tides
To silver, is a peer for thee,
In thy full regality.

JULIA.

This Sketch originally formed part of
poem in this book; and may be read aft
" She thought no longer of her cloistered

Let me for once describe her—once—fu
(Julia) hath passed into my memory,
As 'twere some angel image, and there cli
Like music round the harp's Æolian strings
A word—a breath revives her, and she sta
As beautiful, and young, and free from car
As when the Tyber's yellow sands
She loosened to the winds her golden hair,
In almost childhood; and in pastime run
Like young Aurora from the morning sun.

Her eyes were like the dove's—like Hebe's—or
The maiden moon, or starlight seen afar,
Or like—some eyes I know but may not say.
Never were kisses gathered from such lips,
And not the honey which the wild bee sips
From flowers that on the thymy mountains grow
Hard by Ilissus, half so rich:—Her brow
Was darker than her hair and arched and fine,
And sunny smiles would often often shine
Over a mouth from which came sounds more sweet
Than dying winds, or waters when they meet
Gently, and seem telling and talking o'er
The silence they so long had kept before.

THE LAST SONG.

Must it be?—Then farewell,
Thou whom my woman's heart cherished so
Farewell, and be this song
The last, wherein I say "I loved thee well."

Many a weary strain
(Never yet heard by thee) hath this poor bre
Uttered, of Love and Death,
And maiden grief, hidden and chid in vain.

Oh! if in after years
The tale that I am dead, shall touch thy hear
Bid not the pain depart;
But shed over my grave, a few sad tears.

Think of me—still so young,
Silent, tho' fond, who cast my life away.

For me, my days are gone:
No more shall I, in vintage times, prepare
Chaplets to bind my hair,
As I was wont: oh 'twas for you alone.

But on my bier I'll lay
Me down in frozen beauty, pale and wan,
Martyr of love to man,
And, like a broken flower, gently decay.

STANZAS.

She died—she died;—yet still to me
She comes, in sad and sober dreaming,
And from her hair a pale light streaming
Shews her as she was wont to be.

She stands in beauty by me still;
Alas! that death two hearts should sever,
(The father and the child) who ever
Loved, and were so inseparable.

Still are her brow and bosom white;
Her raven hair the one adorning,
And her eyes sweet as the break of mornin
Shine thro' like stars from the darkest nigh

If the quick lustre of her eye—

ON A ROSE.

Oh! thou dull flower, here silently dying:
And wilt thou never, then,—never resume
Thy colour or perfume?
Alas! and but last night I saw thee lying
Upon the whitest bosom in the world,
And now thy crimson leaves are parched and curled.

Is it that Love hath with his fiery breath
Blown on thee, until thou wast fain to perish,
(Love who so strives to cherish,)
And is the bound so slight 'tween life and death—
A step but from the temple to the tomb?
Oh! where hath fled thy beauty—where thy bloom?

For me, last night I envied thee thy place,
So near a heart which I may never gain,
And now—perhaps in pain,
Thou'rt losing all thy fragrance—all thy grace.
—And yet it was enough for thee to lie
On her breast for a moment, and then—die.

SONNET.

On a sequester'd Rivulet.

THERE is no river in the world more s
Or fitter for a sylvan poet's dream,
Than this romantic solitary stream,
Over whose banks so many branches me
Entangling :—a more shady bower or ne
Was never fashioned in a summer dream

SONNET.

PERHAPS the lady of my love is now
Looking upon the skies. A single star
Is rising in the East, and from afar
Sheds a most tremulous lustre: Silent Night
Doth wear it like a jewel on her brow:
But see, it motions, with its lovely light,
Onwards and onwards thro' those depths of blue,
To its appointed course stedfast and true.
So, dearest, would I fain be unto thee,
Stedfast for ever,—like yon planet fair;
And yet more like art *thou* a jewel rare.
Oh! brighter than the brightest star, to me,
Come hither, my young love; and I will wear
Thy beauty on my breast delightedly.

THE END.